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Warren Morton Goddard

THE FRIENDLY AID SOCIETY

of 246–248 East 34th Street, New York City, has published this Memoir to be sent to its friends. The Society deems it helpful in actualizing the value of such a life to the community.

This action is in accordance with paragraph seven of the Memorial Resolutions, which will be found on page thirty-seven of this volume.

"*Resolved*—That a brief Memoir be printed by this Society in recognition of the principle that stewardship of one's life and fortune is of inestimable civic value."

AN
(Goddard)
Goddard



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Friendly Aid Society, New York

In Memoriam

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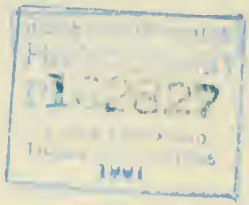
Warren Horton Goddard

July 17, 1857—July 24, 1900

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"The souls of the sons of God are greater than their business. . . . He hath put us in this world not so much to do a certain work, as to be a certain thing."

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Prefatory Note

Warren N. Goddard was born in the city of New York on July 17, 1857. His father was Joseph Warren Goddard, and his mother Celestine Gardner. His earlier education was under private tutors, until he was about twelve years of age, when he was sent to Europe for two years. Upon his return to New York he attended the Anthon Grammar School, and was there prepared for college. He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1875, graduating in 1879. He was especially distinguished in college in mathematics. His favorite athletic exercise was rowing, and he became champion oarsman of Harvard College, and held the championship with single sculls until his graduation. He rowed a match race against Livingston of Yale, whom he defeated. Upon his graduation in 1879 he went into the employ of Goddard & Brother, as the firm was then known, and about a year later was admitted to partnership, and the

name of the concern was changed to J. W. Goddard & Son.

Mr. Goddard early developed a great interest in the practical study of sociology, finding the first field for his interest among his own employees, for whose betterment the firm of which he was a member has steadily worked; but in 1892, with a group of friends, he aided the Rev. Theodore C. Williams at that time Pastor of the Church of All Souls, in establishing the Friendly Aid Society, of which he became President, holding that office until his death on July 24, 1900. The development of the Friendly Aid Society has been largely due to his interest, activity, and generosity, and its establishment as a social settlement was the end for which he steadily worked and which he was happy in having brought to its present accomplishment. His fellow-workers of the Friendly Aid Society place upon record in this memorial volume their appreciation of Warren N. Goddard's devotion to whatever would make human life stronger and better and more worth living.

His friends gathered for his burial on the morning of July 28th in the Church of All Souls, of

which Mr. Goddard was a member, and with which, from his earliest boyhood, he had been identified, first as student of the religious life, and then as a helper in every good work. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, who read the Scriptures which appear in this volume.

After the simple religious service held at the church, the interment at Greenwood followed.

On September 23d, the friends in the neighborhood of the settlement gathered for a little service of a very simple and informal kind, and brief addresses were delivered by the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch, Mr. Slicer, and representatives from the Civic Club Junior. This service was held in the settlement house where Mr. Goddard had on so many Sunday evenings conducted a religious service for his friends of the neighborhood, and to which many persons, especially the children, look back with great interest.

The sermon upon "The Trusteeship of Wealth" which follows, was preached November 18, 1900, to

the congregation of the Church of All Souls by the pastor, as a memorial of the distinction in Mr. Goddard's character which the sermon sets forth.

The Memorial Service of the Friendly Aid Society, which is here set forth, was held on November 19, 1900, in the assembly room of the Friendly Aid House. The loving friends and associates of Mr. Goddard were present, and Mr. John Harsen Rhoades presided.

Holy Scriptures

CHURCH OF ALL SOULS

July 28, 1900

BLESSED are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

Then shall the King say, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee a hungered and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the Everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the Earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and He shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever!

Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from Him cometh my Salvation: He is my defence, I shall not be greatly moved.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord our God is everlasting strength.

Thou hast mercy upon all; Thou lovest all the things that are, and abhorrest nothing which Thou hast made; for never wouldest Thou have made anything, if Thou hadst hated it. And how could anything have endured, if it had not been Thy will? or been preserved, if not called by Thee? But Thou sparest all: for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou Lover of Souls!

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Or,

whither shall I flee from Thy Presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in the grave, behold, Thou art there: if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day! The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee!

It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural: and afterward that which is spiritual. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; neither can corruption inherit

incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in Victory!

For we know that, if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the things that are Heavenly. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with an house which is from Heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we, that are in this tabernacle, do groan being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of Life.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. Amen!

The Trusteeship of Wealth

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"—Matt. xx : 15.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."—Romans, xiv : 7.

"If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? If ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own?"—Luke xvi : 11, 12.

"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."—1 Corinthians, iv : 2.

You may inquire naturally, Why use texts from an ancient book when you have a book of life whose pages you may turn? I use texts out of the textbook of the Christian Church because I am speaking to what I assume to be a Christian congregation, and I desire to remind these men and women who were the associates of Warren Goddard's life, what are the fundamental principles upon which the Christian life is built, and without which no life can be called Christian in fact. And any life, though it may not read the New Testament, though it may be Jewish in origin or pagan in environment, is Christian so far as these principles are represented

and illustrated in it. I ask you then, to allow me to remind you that it is fundamental to the faith we hold, that it belongs in the very inception of our thinking, that *we shall give ourselves away ;* that we are not concerned in being saved, but in being worth saving ; that we are not anxious about our souls as to what shall become of them, but only that they shall be of such stuff as must persist, unless God dies ; that it is fundamental to our thinking that man, though he has a body, *is* a spirit, and that as a spiritual being he is charged like his Maker, the Infinite Spirit, with creative, preservative, and responsible functions. Once given the Creator, some measure of His power must be in all that He makes. Once given the Preserver, the function preservative, the right to save, belongs to every creature that shares His being.

We are in the world, but not of it. That is, we are not made out of dirt, we are not formed of the dust of the ground, without the inspiring spirit that made us living souls. In the old legend in that sacred cosmogony which we find in the Book of Genesis it is a significant and wonderful statement that " God made man of the dust of the earth and then

breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul." He has been a living soul ever since, whatever body he may carry around it. Man *has* a body, but man *is* a spirit, and because he is a spirit he must be creative, preservative, and responsible for the functions of his life. That is, God works in the stuff that we call matter not knowing what it is. There is not a man living that knows whether matter is a precipitate of spirit or spirit the sublimation of matter. There is not a man thinking in the world who can answer that question. But our observation is that in what we call matter God works, transforming it. It *was* a mulberry leaf ; it *is* a bit of satin ; and all that has happened is that God gave a commission to the silk-worm moth to lay its egg upon it. Straightway the green mulberry leaf becomes a bit of silk or satin. It *was* a brown bulb ; it *is* a spike of lilies ; and all that has happened to it is that God whispered love's secret to the brown, shaggy bulb, that it should tell again to the juices of the earth, and they procreate a spike of lilies. It is the creative energy passing into the things that God makes. It *was* the American Desert ; short buffalo grass early

burnt up; little brilliant flowers soon consumed by July's heat; it *is* a great irrigated farm land with marvellous products of grain and fruit and vegetable. Why? Because God taught that the downfall from on high that the clouds withheld from the land, might be wooed from the hills where the clouds had emptied themselves in streams, and when poured over the desert, straightway it blossomed like the rose. It was the creative energy of God working in an alkali desert.

Now man is God's steward. Man is charged with the same functions as the Being that made him. He is the only creature in the world, so far as we know, that has the power to say that he "will not." Others are obedient because they are worked upon. Man's high prerogative is that he shall obey and be "a worker together with God!" That is the splendid challenge that comes to the devout soul; not stuff to be worked in, but a creative agent to work upon the stuff that God Himself can use. So the man keeps his body as the temple of the Holy Ghost. He keeps his mind as the chamber in which God is hospitably received in terms of thought. He keeps his æsthetic nature as the place

where shall be seen the beauty of holiness. He keeps his imagination pure so that he shall not be ashamed when the angels walk its corridors for fear of what they may see; and he keeps himself a minute-man, ready for the rolling summons of some instant signal to be about the work of God. It is because God works in matter that man has learned the art of doing the same thing. The builder wasp takes mud and makes a plaster tenement. And the builder man takes stone and mortar and mud and builds a model tenement for the children of the poor. He takes the mud, calling it clay now, and makes of it some form of beauty, that the sculptor's art may show how God thinks His thought beautifully through the minds of men. He takes the pigments that are only dirt ground up into paint, and paints the *Last Judgment* by the hand of Michael Angelo, or the *Sistine Madonna* by the hand of Raphael, or the beauty of modern life by the hand of some one who has seen the vision of what may be done for the betterment of his kind.

It is fundamental that we are a method of the Divine Life; that we are only fit for our function to which we are set by the decree of Heaven that

made us, when we are instruments through which the Divine thought speaks, the Divine act works, the Divine life thrills. The organ is a cunning device of pipes and stops and motive power. In all nature is the same music outdoors. There is not a note that sounds but has sounded since the world began through the great organ-pipes of the world. But God has ordained that there are some who can hear what others cannot, and with ear adjusted to the harmonies of the natural world, shall reproduce them by subtle touch upon the keys of the cunning instrument that man has devised in imitation of the sweet sounds of the outdoor world. We are instruments for the hand of God who shall press the keys. We are methods of the Divine Life among men, instruments of the Divine Will. As a corollary of this proposition, then, we get the inevitable conclusion — there is no escaping it — that man is not an end in himself, that he cannot do anything that is an end in itself. This would not be a universe if there had been floating in last summer's air a single ephemeral winged life that was an end in itself. If there were a black beetle next spring crawling in the woods that was an end in itself,

this would not be a universe. The fact is, there is no power in the world that can draw a line around anything that God has made and dislocate it from the sum of things.

Nothing is an end in itself. Everything is a means to an end. This principle we carry up from the natural world and then express it in terms of spiritual power. It means self-regulation. It means the power to disobey. It means also man's splendid prerogative to be a worker together with God. It constitutes him maker, preserver, and saviour in his own order. Man is not an end in himself. Immediately you are confronted, because of the very suggestion of the word "means,"—that he is not an end, but a means to an end,—by the man who says in answer to the claim concerning the trusteeship of wealth, the reservoir of power for distribution,—"Now you have uttered the word that is our difficulty, for we must have a *means* of living." That is exactly what I said—that living is not an end in itself; that what we call our wages, our compensation, our salary, our earnings, is a means of living. A man says, "I have very little means." Is he willing to say he has very little

life? He says, "My means are much restricted." It may be, therefore, that the range of his life's possibilities are so far restricted. And yet that very man will say, "'My mind to me a kingdom is.' I repudiate the right of any person to dictate the terms of my life. If I cannot make head alone I will join with my fellows and by combination will make a stand against the dictation of the terms of my life." From the man who is working as a day laborer on scantiest reward to the man who is troubled from morning to night to know how he shall invest the wealth of his life,—from the lowest to the highest,—there is no difference; it is a means of *living*, and the living takes the emphasis, not the means. Because, though man is a spirit, he is under the necessities of the body. He can do nothing unless he can keep the body and spirit on good terms with each other. Here is the problem set us. How far can we carry out the ideals that haunt us? How far may we be obedient to the inexorable ideals when "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," sounds in our minds? How far can we match its challenge with our performance? It is true that the vast majority of people

are living on the narrowest margins. It is true that their life is restricted in the possibilities of its enlargement. It is true that all government is meant to serve three ends,—the protection of life,—the cultivation of life,—its enrichment,—and the joy of life. And we are striving with all our might, every one of us, to see how far we can achieve these ends for ourselves. How can we defend ourselves? How can we add to our power? How can we heighten our joy? Now what is the means to these ends is the common problem of every-day life. I do not stand with those who hold that the man who has is bound to divide it with the man who has not, so that we may all be in about the same commonplace condition. What he is bound to do is to know who the man is that has not, and why, and under what conditions that which he lacks may be supplied, so that he shall be more man when he is free—not simply have more things. "A man's life consisted not in the multitude of the things that he possesseth." You cannot make an equation between a man and a man's "things"—possessions. Mark you what happens sometimes. The man begins to accumulate. He has ambitions, he has responsibilities,

he has those that are dependent upon him, he has energy. He begins to gather to himself the means of living—I still hold to the good word, "the means *of living*." One of two things happens to him. Either he tries to get all these things into himself in contradiction of the natural prohibition that he is not an end, but a means to an end; or else he goes out into these things, so that work becomes a vocation, profession becomes an inspiration, the achievement of his mind. He has put himself into his work, so that it is splendid and sublime. What happens in that aspect of our trusteeship? The desire that arose in necessity to keep the soul and body together, to provide for those that are dependent upon us, the recognition of the stern responsibility, that having become authors of life we must be preservers of life—this, that began so, becomes in the work we do in the world immensely interesting to us. Why? Because we have discovered that we can make out of the dull material of our life something of value. May I remind you of a common illustration that you may find in almost any book of mechanical science?—that common illustration, where a small

deposit of iron ore—less than a dollar's worth of iron ore—brought to the furnace, becomes pig iron, with larger remuneration than the ore. Presently it is horseshoes ; then it is table-knives ; then it is moulds for buttons ; then it is needles ; then it is spiral springs ; presently it is hair springs ; and finally it is pallet-arbors for a watch ; and less than a dollar's worth of iron ore has reached the tremendous value of two million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of pallet-arbors for watches. What has taken place ? The creator, man, has been putting himself into a dollar's worth of iron ore. That is all. Nothing has happened, but the putting of time and men into that small dun heap of iron ore. No wonder life grows interesting !

Now reverse the process, and think of a man who does not realize that he can put himself into dull matter and make it live ; that he can subdivide it and make it useful, that he can model and fashion it, and increase and beautify its possibilities ; that he can turn iron into steel, and steel into keeping time for the work of the world. This man realizes none of these things, but says, " I will gather all that my hands can hold, and all that my

heart can dote on, and all that my mind can devise, and I will put it into my single self." That is perdition. That constitutes hell. That is a soul lost. That is a man who has thought that he was an end not a means, and he is wrenched away and dislocated from the order of the natural world. No, the interest of life comes by paying it out. Not wasting it, but paying it out. It is true ever for us in the ratio of our meanness, rather than our means of living, that

> "The world is too much with us. Late or soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> * * * * * *
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

That is perdition. The miser is the lost man. The story of his wanderings has never yet been written. The story of his niggard sordidness has never yet been portrayed. Words were made to describe living things. Colors were meant to illuminate life. Music was meant to enliven the thoughts of men. There is no stuff given to the human spirit to describe such a life as that. It is too sordid, too low, too grovelling for description. It wanders

alone, because it is not a trustee of the gifts of God. It is "the grave of God's mercies," and there is no resurrection.

I pass for a moment to conclude that the man upon whom the trusteeship of wealth has come, who realizes that he is not an owner but a trustee, feels that much of his responsibility arises from the fact that he is the heir of an immeasurable past. If the world had started with him he might have excuse. If he were the first man to whom this creative faculty, this preserving faculty, this power to make things right, had been given, he might have some excuse for being an end in himself. But what is he? He is the culmination, as he stands here, of an immemorial past. For twenty millions of years, it is estimated,—since the higher organic life came upon the planet,—things have been getting ready for him. He can understand that when you say to him, "You were born into the world a little puling infant, and everything was waiting for you — deep-breasted love, hearts of tenderness and solicitude." I recall an evening in which Warren Goddard and I went into a tenement house on the East Side to see a new baby, because they wanted us

to know that it had come. Everything was waiting for it. There were at least ten little girls in that tenement house who wanted to hold the baby. There were mothers from the ground floor to the roof of the building who were interested in the arrival of that child. Man can understand about his infancy that everything was waiting for him—even in the poorest, love is waiting; love that divides, and as we so seldom realize, divides its least possession with those that have a little less. You can understand that of infancy. But it is true of you as you sit here to-day, that for twenty millions of years the world has been getting ready for you. Its industries, its knowledge, its wealth, its resources, its cycles of history, its eras and epochs, its whole accumulated power, meet right behind your head. And the man who realizes that he is a trustee of all this gets a solemn sense of obligation that is like going to the sacrament. Warren Goddard learned that lesson. He did business as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. He would have told you perhaps, that being in a business house that since 1847 had kept one consistent line of industry and prosperity, he owed something

to the past of his business career—loyalty to the man whose name stands as his father still in the title of the house, a sacramental, knightly loyalty; he would have told you that. It was more than that. He learned that all the past had floated him out to see what he would do with it. That is the case with each one of us. We are floated by the tides of an immemorial past into the sunlight of this present hour, and we are asked, What will you do with it? That sense of obligation is what we mean by the trusteeship of wealth. There are three things we may do with it.

A man who feels that he is a trustee and not an owner, that he holds a life tenure over things that have been brought to him or that he has won in the struggle, may do one of three things—all of them if he have wealth enough. He may devote himself to gathering up the relics of the past that we may understand what it was; and it is no mean ambition to make a great collection of art in painting, in architecture, in sculpture. He may delve in the buried cities of the past, and write a new book that will tell the present world what it was like before Genesis was written, or before Abraham lived.

He may sail up the Nile and read inscriptions upon temples. He may translate the Book of the Dead of ancient Egypt, and tell how men worshipped four thousand years before Christ came. He may do such things, and he shall have served his generation well.

Or he may enlarge the intellectual possibilities of his time. You can understand very well what that means when you think of a frail body being developed into stalwart strength, of flaccid muscles being made tough and hard and firm, and the man who wants to fit himself for some supreme effort going into training for it. That we understand very well. But there is such a thing as a man's realizing that he is a trustee of wealth to put the mind of his time into training, develop its educational power. Peter Cooper, who sat in this congregation for years under the ministry of Dr. Bellows, has not built a monument simply to *himself* in the Cooper Union through his own wealth and that which the successors to his trusteeship have held with open hand. He started out in his trusteeship to make good the enrichment of the mind in the working power and intellectual force of the genera-

tions that should come after him, and he paid that tribute to the future by virtue of what he had won out of the past. He put himself thus into life in new terms. To him it came in terms of mechanic industry. To us it comes in terms of intellectual power and art and skill. That is the way in which men reinvest themselves who are heirs of the past.

And finally (and this is what we may all do from our least possession to the greatest), a man may pay the debt he owes to the past by transmuting the treasure that he holds into human life. Life is at a low level with most people. Its streams run between deserted banks, and the flood is scant and low. For the most part they hold on to life because they are afraid to let go. Their strength is little, their wisdom less. They have learned to be cunning, instead of learning to be wise. They have had to defend themselves and they take up most of the time in keeping off the marauder instead of carrying the line of defence farther afield. Take for illustration this whole East Side of New York, where people are battling for their homes, trying to save their girls, trying to give the proper view of

the chivalry of life to their boys ; where people are serious as death about the issues that confront them, knowing that the filthy stream that flows by their doors is not fit for their children to wade out to life in. A man may reinvest himself in the life of the world as Warren Goddard did. He loved these people. He and those associated with him conceived the idea of making a centre of betterment over there—not among the abjectly poor, but among the people who are curious about life, who have avidity of interest in what life means. Realizing that they are scant of power, he reinforced their endeavor ; realizing that they lacked continuity of effort, he showed them an example of persistent endeavor. It was a reinvestment in the life of the world in order to pay his debt to the past.

I have named all the ways in which we may restate our life in terms of power. To be a leader of men is the best ; to make human life so sacred to our thinking that any of it lost is lost to us. We go no longer in search of the Holy Grail. The cup we seek is made of iron, not gold. The cup we seek — this iron cup — is brimming with the tears and sorrows of the world. We go on no quest for

the Holy Grail. We go to find hearts that are sore, and circumstances that are pinched, and eagerness that has no chance to learn, and virtue that is all imperilled by the very place in which it lives.

Trustees of wealth! We do well to ask the question in the sense in which the parable puts it. "Shall I not do what I will with mine own?" And may the Infinite Good-Will that moves in the hearts of men and becomes a method of the Divine Life among men, give you a will "to do what you will with your own." "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." "If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous treasure, who will commit to your keeping the true riches?" "For it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

Addresses Delivered at Memorial Service

Monday, November 19th

MR. RHOADES.

I DEEM it a rare privilege to be asked to come here to-night and preside at this service in memory of my friend. Mr. Goddard's father was an old, lifelong friend of mine, and I knew his sons from boyhood up. When the father died, the sons turned somehow to me at times for advice, and the friendship which I held for the father fell upon the shoulders of the sons. In the death of Mr. Goddard, I feel as if I had suffered not only a personal loss, but as though I had been bereft of one of my own family.

> "And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill;
> But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

As we gather to-night in loving memory of our friend who has left us, a sense of loss is keenly

felt. Warren Goddard, as the world goes, was not an ordinary man. Though genial by nature and tender by instinct, it was difficult to understand him; and even those who knew him long and best rarely reached the mainspring of his action and knew him for what he really was. Keen in the affairs of business, he never seemed to care for the accumulation of wealth for the sake of accumulation. Desirous of being successful as a merchant, it was as though the desire came only from an ambition to show that he was capable of succeeding. Proud of the good name and honorable career of a loved father, though by that father's death he became possessed of an ample fortune, he continued the mercantile career because his father wished it, and in that continuance it was his aim that the honorable name and the high standing of the firm should be maintained, as a precious memorial to the one from whom above all others he had drawn the inspiration of his own life. This was Warren Goddard as the world saw and knew him,—cold at times, and at times distant; but a man in whom the sense of right and wrong held full sway, and who judged carefully and felt keenly the responsibilities of the

trusteeship given him to share his wealth with his fellow-men. He had a deep and sincere love for the church and the faith into which he had been born, and in which he had always lived. One day he said to me that something must be done to wake All Souls' Church into more activity ; that no church could last and live and grow strong unless its people were engaged in active service in the community in which the church existed. Then in his strong and earnest way he said, " I am going to see what I can do." And what he did is present here around you to-night. This society owes its foundation to him, and since the foundations were laid, he has been the moving spirit in this work, and to it he devoted all his spare hours and many which he could not spare. I need not tell you what this work is or what it has accomplished. We all know the story ; we all realize fully the loss of the hand which has guided and the wise counsel which has controlled this effort to do something for the children of the people. And yet if he were present here to-night in the flesh as he is in spirit by the light of his example and the tender consciousness which with us will ever surround his memory, — he would say to

us and to all who are interested in this work: "Though I have fallen grieve not for me. Let the dead bury their dead. But take you up the burden I have laid down and bear it bravely, earnestly, and to the end. Your work is feeble, but if you do this it will grow strong. The seed you are sowing will take root and grow and spread in many a humble home, and the work is worth all the cost if only here and there you lift a human soul out of the poverty of its environment and better fit it for the service of life. You are trustees of the gifts which God has given to you, and they are given for His service and to His glory."

And so, my friends, out of the sadness of this memorial hour come a light and joy which spring from the sweet and loving memory of our friend, who has set us an example we are to follow, and has shown us the way whereby we are to go in order that we may better serve our fellow-men. Our friend has but passed on before. His life work is over, his duty well performed. And in the silence of this hour of communion, I seem to hear floating down the ages the voice of the Great Teacher saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it

unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Simkhovitch.

I think that one of the chief forces that has led to the development of the settlement movement in this country, as well as in England, has been a revival of primitive Christianity, — a real renaissance ; and I know that you will all recognize in Mr. Goddard's character, those of you who knew him, as most of you here did, what a very simple Christian he was, what a very primitive type of Christian he was. I think it was his interest, primarily, in Christianity and his simple faith that led him to take an interest in this humanitarian movement. He had two ideals for this house,— we often used to talk it over together. One was that as the work of this house developed, it should be along lines that were anything but institutional. His idea in that was that this house should not develop as an institution with mechanical methods. That was farthest from his thought. His idea was that here we should have a centre and gradually start other co-operating centres, all of which should come

together, having the same aim, but having individuality, which the large institution often loses. The other aim was that this settlement might have a certain mental prestige. The two things that he valued most were personal service and high thought along these lines. With him money gifts were of the least importance. His own generosity never seemed the primary thought with him, but rather a corollary of all he thought and felt. He had his own personal convictions. These led him along this line of work, and as a necessary corollary to that came the generosity for which he is known to us all. Thus, as I say, what characterized him least in a way was his generosity along money lines. I think it was the humanness of this movement that attracted him. He was thought a cold and reserved man, but there never was a man more democratic. Class distinctions were particularly odious to him. I have often heard him express himself along these lines, — that the only classes that were fundamental in any way were those people who were working for the realization of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth and those who were not. Those classes he recognized. Other classes,

other differentiations did not appeal to him in any way. He felt most perfectly at home among these people. I think there are a great many people who have these ideals, who think of life in this way, who have the same kind of personal convictions he had, who are not able to get on with people who have different culture, different education, different tastes. But differences never seemed to be any barrier to his getting on with people of a very different kind of education and bringing up. I have thought this was because he had so much human sympathy that those things which are alike in man and man appealed to him more strongly than the differences which arise between man and man.

His connection with this house was never a formal one. You know many presidents who come to meetings and that is all. He was not that kind of president. His connection with this house was a very vital and real one. He directed the work of the Young Men's Club. He was interested in the work of the Woman's Club. He was the leader of the Sunday evening neighborhood meeting. He was a constant visitor in the

homes of our neighbors, where he was always a welcome guest. He had very real friends among our neighbors, and valued those friendships very highly, as his friends valued his friendship.

His connection with this house which was so vital led him into other lines of social work, and I think he had the right idea, if I may say so, in looking at economic problems, by seeing first how things actually are and then thinking about them. He did not have any cut and dried economic, philanthropic, and religious notions. All these things he gathered from life itself as he saw how people lived, the disadvantages under which a great many lived, how few privileges a great many have, how few opportunities there are for many of our fellow-men. This was very distressing to him. All the theories he had on these subjects he gathered from direct personal contact with people who were laboring under a great many disadvantages. Thus it was that his interest was ever growing and deepening along lines of economic thought. It was a curious thing that one so conservative should at the same time be so radical. It was interesting to see how often he would speak of great changes he contemplated in

this work, and how he wanted to develop it in this way or broaden it in that way, and his theories of developing the work were all the time growing more liberal, even radical along many lines.

He was interested in the whole subject of capital and labor. I am sure all his employees will say what a very different kind of employer he was from many employers. He took a very warm and personal interest in all his employees.

One thing that I think especially marked him was his distaste for business that could not be shared. He did not object at all to having money; there was nothing sentimental in his make-up; but it was, I am sure, very distressing to him to feel that so many people were without opportunities. He had that in common with all the deepest spiritual people of our time, that it was a matter of real discomfort to him to feel that he could not share all he possessed. I never shall forget that day in Litchfield when we were there and were looking over his beautiful place. Finally there was a silence, and then Mr. Goddard said, "I often regret that I cannot make more use of this place." One of us who was listening supposed he meant it

could be used to greater advantage agriculturally, but on expressing this idea, Mr. Goddard said, "Oh, no; I meant if Litchfield were only a little nearer New York we could have so many more of our neighbors and friends around us to share the pleasures of country life." He said it so simply and truly, and I know it was really distasteful to him to think that beautiful place was so far away that it could not be used for the purpose of a vacation house.

I think it would be a great mistake for us ever to think of Mr. Goddard as a philanthropist. I think that is the last word he himself would have chosen to express the idea of his work. I think of him as a unity, as a person who was interested in this work, but who was, in one way, no more interested in it than he was in carrying out his business properly or anything else in which he was engaged. His was a unified personality. This work did interest him, but as it should interest all people who look into the life of the great masses of our cities. I do not think he would have cared at all to be called a philanthropist. He never would be considered a philanthropist in the sense in which I understand

the word to be commonly used, as if philanthropy were a sort of speciality belonging to one part of one's nature. It was a natural thing for him to do good. That doing good was only one of the expressions of the Divine Life living in the soul of the man. I think his death has—as very often death does—given a sacred touch to his work. I have never seen a more devoted spirit than I see now among those who are working for the interests of this house. It has been really a very touching thing to me to see how the people are brought together in carrying out this work. Of course there is no other memorial worthy at all of him except the carrying out of this work he was so interested in, so devoted to, in the spirit in which it was begun.

Resolutions

Presented to the Memorial Meeting by Mr. Slicer for the Advisory Board of the Friendly Aid Society.

WHEREAS, In His Infinite Love and Wisdom our Heavenly Father has taken from our number

Warren Morton Goddard,

that He may give to him the Joy and Peace of the Eternal Life,

Therefore be it Resolved, That with grateful hearts we thank the Giver of all good gifts that in the midst of an age troublous with worldliness and self-seeking, there has been vouchsafed to this Society the inspiration of a noble type of manhood; that by the life of this man our hearts are filled afresh with the realization that anything less than our best from each of us is unworthy.

Resolved, That although this Society has sustained an irreparable loss, it has had set before it a standard of personal devotion and earnestness, of

steadfastness, loyalty, and high endeavor, which must offer it an incentive to build up a living memorial among the people he loved and served.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Annual Meeting of the Friendly Aid Society, that the name

Warren Goddard House

be given to this settlement as soon as sufficient means be raised by popular subscription to realize the ideals of our President.

Resolved, That since this consecrated life remains among us an abiding witness of God, we commemorate it by a tablet on these walls, and that the Annual Meeting of the Friendly Aid Society be requested to carry out this purpose.

Resolved, That a brief Memoir be printed by this Society in recognition of the principle that stewardship of one's life and fortune is of inestimable civic value.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. Goddard, and that they be given such publicity as may be deemed helpful in actualizing the value of such a life to the community.

Address by Mr. Slicer

I remember very distinctly the impression that was made upon me by Mr. Goddard first among the people of All Souls' Church, and for a very simple reason. One Sunday in May, 1897, I preached at All Souls', and after the service Mr. Goddard asked me if I would not go down to the Friendly Aid House with him in the afternoon. He said, "I will meet you after dinner and then we will go down to the little service at the Friendly Aid House." I went down in the afternoon, and Mr. Goddard went on and conducted that service as if I were not there, as if I were not the visiting minister. He did the thing which he had intended to do before it was my turn to preach in All Souls' Church. Afterwards he said, "Won't you say a word to these children?" They were mostly children at the service. So I told them a story. Then he said, "Let us go around to Norton's room." (His brother Norton was then living

on 33d Street, just back there a little way.) So we went to his brother's room and sat there and talked until nearly midnight, about the kind of thing he was trying to do in this neighborhood, and which his brother was interested in doing in another aspect of it. And I saw a good deal more to interest me in the Friendly Aid work as it was presented in that conversation, than I saw opportunities of a church kind as connected with All Souls' Church; I will explain what I mean by that statement, for it is a little unusual. Churches are very many; their differences are not very great. Any difference that they have one from the other is in the intenser religious life that they possess. The order of service is sufficiently near alike not to discriminate one church very strongly from another. I could understand that there might be a great many churches like All Souls' Church; I had never seen just the way of taking hold of people that these two men presented in the conversation that I had with them.

That was the first impression made upon me by the personality of Mr. Goddard. Mr. Rhoades says, with some degree of accuracy, that I perhaps knew

quite intimately Mr. Goddard's religious and inner life. That was not because I was his minister, but because he had a transparent nature that he showed to anybody that he completely trusted. I saw him once or twice almost every week during the months of each year that we were in the city together. We lunched together nearly every week once, at least, —not simply for friendship's sake, but for the sake of talking over the thing that we were immensely interested in achieving for the Church through the church in the neighborhood in which this place stands. Warren Goddard never hid anything of his inner life if he trusted the person to whom he was to speak. He was capable of immense reserve. He had for certain people the frigid exterior to which Mr. Rhoades has referred. He could turn the glacial side of his nature outward if it was necessary. He could be tremendously severe on occasion. He knew how to speak the English tongue under incentive much more fluently than he spoke in such an address as he might have made here at an annual meeting. The ease with which he wrote, the clearness with which he expressed himself with the pen, which was quite unusual, appeared

in speaking when something stirred him to quick response; but for the most part he was like a child in the simplicity of the way in which his mind acted. His peculiarity was that he gave himself absolutely to the thing in hand. He fished with all his might when he was in camp. He enjoyed Litchfield until his very pores took in the radiance of the beauty of that place and its surroundings. His mind was open at the top for every descending ray of the truth that was to enter. He pursued his business for all there was in it; but what was in it was a means to an end, and not an end in itself. I recall a humorous illustration of that. When the present storehouse was opened, one of their customers, a small Jewish trader, who had a little capital, and turned it over a great many times during the year, went all over the place, and came down to the office and said, "Mr. Goddard, if I had this place, I should never want to die." The comment which one of the brothers made to me was, "Imagine a man having to trade through all eternity!" The remark was perfectly characteristic of him. He enjoyed the business, enjoyed trade. He enjoyed the revenue that came from it, but it was always a

means to an end, and not an end in itself; and I hold that to be a radical distinction in character. It makes all the difference between the man who lets the power of commercial life pass through him into the community through every avenue of his nature and every power of his being, and the man who is simply an absorbent, and has only retained that fundamental action of the one-valved creature with which organic life began, which could contract and distend, contract and distend, and never got beyond that. That is the antithetic character from the one I have just described.

I was very much impressed with the deep religious character of Mr. Goddard's mind. He was singularly free from effluent emotion. He had very little capacity for effervescent religious expression, but it was crystalline and clear and uncritical. Questions of criticism did not much interest him. If it was a question of interpretation of Scripture, it was never interesting critically to him until he got it down to the root and set the root in the soil of common, practical life. He had a habit of perpetual commentary that ran from the pinnacles of intellectual apprehension down through the warm

avenues of spiritual life, and found its expression by deploying itself upon the level of common experience. That process went on in him all the time, — to apprehend clearly, to feel calmly and confidently, and to apply instantly the thing he understood. I do not know how it would be possible to describe a simpler intellectual and spiritual outfit than that phrase describes,—" He was a deeply religious man." It was natural to him to pray. It was easy for him to pray. He thought he knew, and he really did know, the conscious communion of the ultimate reality whose insufficient name is God, with his conscious spirit. No text would be easier for him to understand than that which declares that " His Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God " ; and there was a childlike simplicity and abandon to the confidences of prayer that I may not speak of with explicitness, but that he most implictly felt. It was the natural expression of the soul at its best when it seeks that which is best for the soul. For that reason it would have been strange if he had died without praying if he had been conscious. In those four hours in which he was drawing near to that bourne over which our

thoughts travel to him to-night, it would have been strange if he had simply spoken of what interested him, and of the loves of his life, without praying. It was perfectly natural that he should have recited to the little group that pressed about him with a tenderness that is beyond all expression —"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." It would have been unnatural for him not to call them near to him, that in those whispered last hours he might pray for them and with them. This was the very sustenance and substance of his life, and I am glad that he was so keen in business and yet so fervent in prayer. The two things are perfectly germane to a simple nature, are perfectly normal in a well constituted mind,—that we should go out strongly in the activities of life, and turn the forces of the soul toward God in times of intense feeling.

I want to say a word, if you please, Mr. Chairman, about his relations to his employees. We talked that over too. He was the head of a family of working people in his business. He had no quixotic ideas about business relationship. I sup-

pose he would have been as little likely to have his business interfered with from the outside by his employees as any of us. But he believed in organization and in *esprit de corps* in business. The champion single-sculler of his college, it was natural he should organize an athletic association among the men of his employ, and that he should take an immense interest in the gymnasium in this place. I was thinking, as I sat here, hearing some young men in the gymnasium below, pounding the punching-bag or throwing the medicine-ball — how fitting he would have felt thought of him to be while we let that go on just as we have; because it is their night to do that thing down there. That is the class that belongs in the gymnasium to-night, and we would not deprive them of it if we could. It was perfectly fitting to let that go on as we talked about him in a tender way.

As to his own group of employees, I think the gentlemen who are here who belonged in his employ will bear me out in saying that while it was not always possible to carry out the idea of closing that business at three o'clock on Saturdays throughout the year, when it was necessary to run until

four, they all ran together until four; but the thing he strove for was to close at three. Every man and boy in his employ had a Saturday or Monday every six weeks.

No man employed by him ever lost a day's wages by being sick. The affairs of their families were matters that they might bring confidently to him. No man could be discharged, or can be now discharged, from the employ of that house without its being known and the reason for it known and the question settled by the head of the house. Men can be employed there without consulting the head of the house, but no man can be discharged without a perfectly clear understanding as to why it is and how it is, and every least possible detail concerning it. That is worth a great deal in a country where English people complain that they cannot get near the employer, that there are always middle-men between them and the boss,—a superintendent or manager,—so that they cannot get up to the boss. That is a common complaint among working people. It is not so in that business. Every man in it can go to the office and wait his turn to say the thing which he wishes heard.

I speak of these things, not because they are great things, but because they are characteristic things. That is a family; this is a family. He gathered about him groups that were infected at once with the feeling of family communion. I recall, as I said to you yesterday, a most affecting thing, yet so simple—hardly worth mentioning it was so simple. One evening a little girl came to him and said: "Won't you, and Mr. Hoyt, and Mr. Slicer come down and see our new baby?" So we went down, and a trail of little girls who knew about this baby followed us into the house on one of the streets near by. We waited until the oldest sister went and got the baby and brought it in, and there was a deep breath of satisfaction running through all the little people that looked at it, until one of them could not stand it any longer, and said, "Oh, Mr. Goddard, is n't it grand!" Well it was only a few days old, and it really was n't grand, you know. But he was so accessible to them. They understood the family relation, the consciousness of having a big brother come in and see the baby, and I stepped back into the background and let them have it out together.

I wish I might say all that is in my heart to say about this matter. Warren Goddard's death is a great loss to me. Last summer a year he wrote me a long letter about the church; about the church as it appeared to him; about the deeper life that he hoped for in the church; that he sought to bring about so far as influence went; and he thought of your relation to this work, not as something simply that you were doing for this community, although that was suggested in his thinking; but as something it was doing for you also, by the play of affection, and by the deep religious interest awakened in the hearts of those who were devoting themselves to it. For you know he believed, as we all do, that the blessing is in loving, not in being loved; and so he was anxious that the church should spend itself in interest, in money, in personal service upon this work.

I want to say a single word in conclusion with regard to that characteristic that so constantly appeared in Warren Goddard,—what I can only phrase as human interest. I think he had less curiosity than most people about human interests, about people's affairs. He was singularly devoid of all speculative

quality in his mind. But he had human interest,— what George McDonald means when he speaks of loving a child for the very "childness" of it, for the fact not that it was anybody's child, but for the fact that it was just that thing you call *a child.* That which George McDonald means when he says that, appeared in this nature that we are contemplating, as human interest ; the consciousness in him of being part of the tissue that we call human life ; that it cannot suffer without the pang registering through the nervous system of this man that feels ; that it cannot be unjustly dealt with without his feeling that the injury is his. This sense of the organic wholeness of human life was in him in larger degree than belongs to most people. The philanthropist is a different kind of man. He is haunted with a vision of what he will do for this or that section of humanity. Mr. Goddard's feeling was what human life ought to be, and how far he could add the transfusion from his own life to the scant veins that need more blood. That was his feeling,— that here is a little group that lacks vitality. Cannot I lay my heart against it and warm its action ? Cannot I transfuse the current of my own full heart

into the scant veins that run near dry? Cannot I give it stronger and more heroic action? The chivalrous character of the man was shown in that. It was the same thing that led him into loyalties that were of the very essence of his mind, loyalties that knew nothing of distrust, repression, or double meaning.

I have spoken of this matter to-night more at length than I had meant. But it is only a part of that story of a simple nature that let itself out to others and bestowed itself here. He loved these people that we are working for. He did not work *for* them; he worked *with* them. They were of his thought. They lay in his thought as in every pastor's mind his congregation lies consciously, family by family, and name by name. That is the everyday experience of a true minister's life. So he was a minister by the grace of God to this people who lay thus in his mind, in constant meditation and constant calculation as to how he might serve them.

Some Extracts from Addresses by Warren H. Goddard

From an Address by Mr. Goddard

as President of the Friendly Aid Society, upon the Opening of the Vacation Farm at Spring Green

My Friends:—From the very earliest times, the pursuit of happiness has been one of the principal occupations of mankind. Next to the struggle for life and existence, the search for happiness has engrossed the attention of all peoples; and this is true notwithstanding the fact that the ideal of happiness has varied; that the definition of happiness has rarely remained fixed for any considerable period. In the pursuit of happiness, men have fought and enslaved nations; they have lived in caves in the desert, or among the snows of the Alps; they have sailed over trackless oceans and met hardships and death; they have given themselves up to the most luxurious lives of idleness; and have practised self-denial and endured martyrdom. Each individual, and each nation, sought

happiness according to the definition of happiness each adopted. We, of this time and this country, deem ourselves fortunate that our definition of happiness is finer and purer than any hitherto written, and that it is understood and accepted by a large and constantly increasing number of our citizens.

Fortunately the idea which prevailed among the early settlers of New England, that happiness and joyousness were a snare, and to be shunned and feared, has passed away. We now recognize that happiness is part of the wonderful birthright of every one of God's children. This belief has gradually grown up under the glorious principles on which our country was founded, and on which alone it will stand, that all men are born free and equal ; that in the sight of our Father, we are all His children, whom He expects to strive to do His will ; and in the fulfilling of His will we find security, which enables us to gain a livelihood and happiness, which makes life worth living.

This law of equality carries with it the relation of brotherhood, and that relation carries responsibilities to one another.

No one is so rich as to be removed beyond the

need of assistance of some sort; and no one so poor that he cannot give sympathy and love, the choicest treasures within the gift of mortals. It is the recognition of this mutual responsibility, this mutual interdependence, which is gradually giving the Golden Rule new vitality, and is making its precept a growing force in the world. To believe that we should do to others as we would that they should do to us, is to supply one's self with a constantly renewed inspiration, which constantly presses the believer on to new efforts, and gradually writes for him a new definition of happiness. It brings a happiness which is unfailing, for that happiness depends not on worldly possessions, not even on health, but on a heart at peace with God and with itself.

Those who have attained to this frame of mind will tell you that they find the promise fulfilled, that to those that have, to them shall be given, and they shall have more abundantly. And what do they receive; lands, houses, and fine clothes? Those things were never meant, and are not the gifts to which the lovers of their fellow-men refer when they tell you that all things are "added

unto them." They mean that they find a new and surprising pleasure in the so-called common things of life. They see in the ocean, with its changing aspect, the grandeur and power of the Creator; in the fields and orchards, His generous provisions for our wants; in the birds and flowers, His appreciation of our needs for the beautiful; in the struggles of human beings to do His will, the love which He has put into the heart of each one of us. They are able to enjoy God's society, the brightest joy promised to humanity.

And so we come back to our statement that we are fortunate in living in a time and in a country where a high ideal of happiness is generally accepted; and where, therefore, the pursuit of such happiness is not only a privilege but a duty.

The recognition of this privilege and duty caused the Friendly Aid to come into existence. Because the Friendly Aid kept this ideal clearly and constantly in view it made friends; and now, those who use the House freely have come to regard each other as friends, equal before God and men, all striving to give to each other whatever of value they possess.

This striving to give and to help has brought us this beautiful farm, with its fresh air, health-giving tranquillity, and generous hospitality. It is worth while, at this time when we are met here to celebrate the opening of this house, to recall the detail of how it comes to be in our possession, for it has come to us as a direct result of this desire for the true happiness, and the loving wish to help others which it engenders.

Two members of the Monday Club of our House, one of whom is present, and one who is doing good work in charge of the Holly Club House,—another work of love growing out of our Friendly Aid House,—came to me last fall and said the women of that Club thought the House should have a farm, and wanted permission of the Management to gather funds to buy one. This was heartily granted, and the handsome sum of over four hundred dollars was raised among the Clubs of the House, by means of a fair and theatrical and musical entertainments. The time, however, was too short to raise a sufficiently large sum to buy this spring ; and, while disappointed, the Monday Club resolutely determined to continue their efforts, with confidence

that in time — in one or two years — the necessary sum would be gathered.

For a month, disappointed resignation reigned in the House, when one of its best friends offered to buy the farm and let the Friendly Aiders have five years in which to raise the purchase price, at the same time generously giving us the use of it for all that time free of rent. At the same time two other of our friends gave one thousand dollars, six hundred dollars to go toward repairing and furnishing the House, and four hundred dollars toward the purchase fund. Several other donations were made for running expenses, and thus the House and farm were suddenly produced, as by a magician's waving wand. All tricks of magic are simple beyond words, when we know how they are done, and we exclaim : "Why how easy!" So this stroke, too, of magic is so easy when we know the way it was done. I have told the secret. It was done by love.

And now, in love let us use this farm, and the happiness of the Peace of God, which passeth understanding, will be ours.

What a Settlement ought to be and Do

SETTLEMENTS have been established in the poorer sections of our large cities by persons earnestly devoted to improving the condition of humanity, because they have found that only by locating their homes right among the poor could they carry to them their choicest and most valuable possessions, — those things the poor need most, namely :

First : A broader education, with its larger views, quicker perceptions, livelier imagination, and sounder judgment.

Second : Enlarged affections, with their higher aspirations, gentler feelings, finer susceptibilities, and greater spiritual capacity, and

Third : A more developed will, with its persistence, courage, and strength.

The people need friends who are wise and high-minded and actuated by an enthusiasm for humanity arising from devotion to the will of God, and when they have such friends they show in a short

time the effect of association with them. The effect of bad company is well known; it is proverbial. A good man or woman just as surely exercises an influence for good.

It is self-evident that a force of workers concentrated in a house of the neighborhood, guided and inspired by the Head, united by a common spirit of earnest and loyal devotion, must produce results, not only on the neighborhood, but on themselves, far beyond the powers of the most ardent and capable individual workers.

The Settlement aims first to improve the individual, physically, intellectually, and morally, and this is done by the Clubs and classes and personal intercourse supplied in the House; and secondly, to improve the community by working for all things that tend to make the city a better place to live in.

Only by personal association long continued do we come to understand our neighbors, and only by degrees do they gain confidence in our sincerity, wisdom, and affection. The workers increase in

knowledge of neighborhood conditions and difficulties, and also increase in experience in meeting them, and come to regard less and less the lines of class demarcation and so gain in sympathy with the poor. The effect on the neighbors is to make them gradually become familiar with all that the worker has in his heart and brain to communicate.

The proper attitude of a Settlement toward the facts and conditions of society about it is that it should be ever ready to learn and adapt itself and its methods to those facts and conditions as fast as they are discovered. It should not have completed and accepted theories of ideal social conditions and seek to impose them on its neighborhood. On the other hand, it should secure itself against the weakness of a vacillating point of view. It should do nothing which could in the slightest degree shake the confidence of its neighbors in its devotion to the highest and finest ideals. To create the belief in its neighbors that it stands for the best in social, civic, and spiritual life it must itself have strong convictions. By a wise and harmonious combination of these two points of view, the Set-

tlement should be able to discover a new step in social development, and this as no other agency has been able to do. To be effective along these lines, a Settlement must see to it that it does not settle into a rut, and that its work does not become stereotyped, but that it remains alert and sympathetic and enthusiastic.

The visitor meets people who are in the position of striving with the practical difficulties involved in endeavoring to live decently and happily in a crowded house and to support a family on from four to fourteen dollars a week. The problem of how to make life more endurable is presented, how to introduce thrift, cleanliness, sweetness, hope, and joy where want, dirt, extravagance, churlishness, and hopelessness seem at home.

No doctrinal teaching is given other than that involved in recognizing that the brotherhood of man is dependent on the existence of a Heavenly Father whose love for us and whose will for us have been made clear to mankind by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. The attitude of the Friendly Aid House toward religion is that it is non-sectarian

in that it aims at no particular religious propaganda, but, in the words of Mr. Wood of Andover House, the "Settlement ought to undertake its work feeling the stirring of the religious motive. It ought to be prepared to bring to the people the influence of a broad and free religious enthusiasm, which shall show the insignificance of differences compared with the unity of spirit in which every man is in some sense religious."

After this hasty bird's-eye glance at the Settlement, will any one venture to doubt its efficiency as a power for good, or begrudge the money that it costs? So far as the future is concerned does it not justify the hope that at last through it we may find the solution of some of the tremendous social problems which confront us? So far as the present is concerned, does it not surely offer a blessed opportunity to each one of us to minister directly or indirectly in a thoroughly effective way to those less happy than ourselves, and thus to gain the approving word, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?"